POETRY OF THE TIMES.

Mary's Break.

Mary had s me little skates,
And with them went to slide;
She slipped and therefore had a fall,
As also did her pride.
Her heels flew up, her head went down,
And struck upon the ice,
Displaying both her striped hose,
Which surely was not nice.
She jumped up quickly on her feet.
And said she did not care,
But on the hose a card was seen,
Marked "fifteen cents a pair."
—[Oil City Derrick.

Fill Her Bustle

Fill her bustle full of sponges,
Sister's going out to skate;
She will need their yielding softness
When she tries the figure 8.

Charming Walks.

They both went sailing down the walk,
Arrayed in faultles gearing,
Both engaged in pleasant talk,
Each smiled on each endearing.
He said: "My love, this pleasant day,
This bracing, glorious weather,
This charming walk—Whoop! stop'er-say—"
They both went down together.
* * * * *
They picked them up; small boys ki-yi-ed,
When she resumed with flippery:
"Dear George, I think it is not denied,
These charming walks are slippery."
—[Oshkosh Advocate.

An Icy Subject.

Get out Birdie's tiny stockings,
They're so nice
For the boys to get a glimpse of
On the ice.
You should see our darling skate;
She can cut the figure 8
Like a mice.

Put her bustle in the corner—
It's all broke—
And her feet in some hot water
For a soak.
Her left garter's gone for good,
And her lovely worsted hood—
It's no joke.

A PIKE COUNTY WEDDING.

"I used to marry a good many folks when I was justice of the peace in Blooming Grove," said Uncle Ira Chrissman, the other day. "They generally wanted to get spliced on the Fourth of July or Christmas. They'd come! come in from the woods, the fellow and his girl both riding on a load of hoop-poles or tan-bark, and sometimes holding themselves on to a three-foot log that a yoke of oxen was snaking in from a bark-peeling. One Fourth of July I took for wedding fees a coonskin, two railroad ties, a pint of apple-jack, three dozen hoop-poles, 25 cents in pennies, two quarts of low-bush huckleberries and a promise to vote for me when I was a candidate. But that was an unusually good Fourth for fees. The couples that I'd hitch, taking the average run of 'em, would most like say:

"'Well, now, 'squire, we'em much obliged. When you come 'long our way, 'squire, drop in and we'll flop an extry slapjack.'

"But I never hankered after slap-jacks with salt pork gravy and molasses, so those fees are coming in yet.

"One day I was sitting in my office in Mose's bar-room thinking what I'd best do for a funny pain I had in my stomach, when in walked a big, strapping hoop-pole cutter and bark forager from 'way back o' the Knob. He had his daughter with him. The girl's name was Mag. I won't say what the last name was, but you all know the parties. Mag was about 19, but, stars alive! she was blamed near six feet high, and I'll bet she could lift a barrel of whisky over a seven rail fence. She was pretty good looking, for all that.

"'Busy, squire?' asked the old man.

"'Not particular,' I said.

"'Wall, squire, I s'pose you know that Jerry Elwine's got the best groun'-hog dog they is in the hull Knob kentry, don't you?'

"I never heard of Jerry Elwine or his groun'-hog dog,' said I partly mad on account of the pain in my stomach and plagued sight madder because Mag had sot down on a straw hat of mine that I wouldn't have taken a dollar note for.

"'What!' never heard of that dog, 'squire?' said Mag. 'Never heard o' ole Tobe? W a a l, ef that don't take the grease off'n my griddle!'

"'Wall, anyhow, whether ye ever heard of him or not,' the old man put in, 'he's back of the Knob, and Jerry owns him. An' the trouble is, 'squire, Jerry's so cussed 'feered of his dog that he won't let any one hunt ground-hogs with him but hisself, an' he's talkin' o' selling him over into M'roe county.'

"'Ef Jerry Elwine sells that air dog,' said Mag, 'I'll rattle the teeth out'n him; I don't care ef we be agoin' to git spliced!'

"I began to think that the old man and his girl had come in to get an order of court on Jery Elwine to appear and show cause why he shouldn't let Tobe hunt with any person who wanted him, and why a perpetual injunction shouldn't be issued forbidding him to sell the dog over in Monroe county. But I was wrong.

"'The fact o' the matter is, 'square,' continued the father, 'that dog's too goldarned vallyble to be wasted. He kin keep any family that ain't a passel o' gluttons in groun'-hogs from September to the time they hole up. Some folks think groun'-hogs is too rank to sell well, and I heered Joe Atkinson say onct that he'd as lief eat a taller dip as the best part of a groun'-hog. But they ain't nothin' that goes to the spot with our family as a skunk o' that varmint. Is they Mag?'

"'Dad, yer shoutin'!' replied Mag.

"'Wall, as I was sayin', 'squire, that dog is too vallyable to be in the onsartin sittywation he is now. That dog is got to be connected with our fam'ly, an' we've jest come in to see when you kin come out our way, 'squire, an' make the connection.'

"'You're going to buy the dog, eh? and want me to draw up the deed?' I asked, madder than a hornet at all the palaver about dogs and ground-hogs.

"'N-a-a-a-w!' said Mag, laughing about like a horse might. 'Yer way off, 'squire. Yer see, Jerry's been a workin' for us for a good while, an' been a tryin' to shine 'round me fur more'n six months, but he ain't much of a fighter, and he ain't much of a shooter, though he ain't no slouch at rippin' the bark off'n a hemlock, an' mowin' hoop-poles. But when I heard we were goin' to sell Tobe I weakened. That dog fastens unto too many groun'-hogs to live away from our plantation, I says. So Jerry an' me took to settin' up nights an' the consekense is that Jerry an' me is goin' to jine, an' the dog stays in the family. But we want o you is, 'squire, to come out and give us the hitch the first day you kin, an' the sooner the better, fur they's a feller from Pocono a offerin' fur Tobe most enough to buy a farm with, an' Jerry may take it in his ornary head to sell him. Come any day, 'squire. We'm all ready.'

"'That's about the heft of it 'squire,' said Mag's father, 'Couldn't ye stand a leetle Burbin on it?'

"They both put a man's drink of bourbon inside of themselves. I told 'em I'd be out in the course of two or three days. In the latter part of the week I took the buckboard and drove out. It was fifteen miles, over the cussedest road you ever saw. I was over six hours on the way. I found the house. It was a clearing of about three acres, divided up into a turnip patch, a cabbage patch, and a patch of potatoes. A man was milking a cow in the barn-yard. On a board by the front door lay the ugliest yaller dog I ever saw. 'That's Tobe, I s'pose,' I said to myself. When I stopped my horse the dog got up. I tied the horse to a fence and walked toward the house. Tobe walked toward me. He only had one eye. He showed his teeth and growled. I snapped my fingers, and said: 'Come here, that's a nice feller.' He gave one spring, and had me by the pants in less than no time. I yelled. The door opened, and Mag came out.

"'Oh, it's you, is it, squire? Git out, Tobe! He's only playin', squire. Ain't he the boss? You orto see him shake a groun'-hog. Come in, squire, come in. He ketched one to-day, and, by darn! we'll hev it fur dinner. Come in, I'll call Jerry, and we'll git the thing right over, like pullin' a tooth. Git out, Tobe, you ornary cuss!'

"Tobe left and I went in. I had a notion to put a ball in the dog first, though. Mag's mother was peeling 'taters in a tin basin. Mag had been washing, and her blue hickory dress was as wet as a dish rag. Her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, and her hair was sticking over her head in all directions.

"'Mam,' she said, 'h'yer's the squire. I'll call John out in the barn yard, an' we'll fix Tobe in this 'tater patch as solid as a pine-knot, in less'n two minits! Dad ain't here, but odd's he difference.'

"'Hold on a jiffy,' said the old woman. I wanter settle suthin' fust. Ye know, 'squire, Jerry's got consider'ble property.'

"'Has he? said I 'I didn't know it.'

"'La, bless ye! yes; hoop-pole up'long the creek, an' half a cord o' bark in the woods. Then he's got two bushel o' turnips comin' from old Grindy, on' a share in that coon him an' another feller ketched last Sunday. Besides, he's got a new pair o' 14-shillin' cowskin boots and a pair o' patent Kentucky jane overhauls. Ye see, 'squire, Jerry's well fixed, an what I want to know is this: Jerry ain't very wholesome. I think he's got the indigestion of the lungs. Anyway, in case he should drop off suddint without a will, I want to know kin his durned ornary brother Lije claim them boots an' overhauls, or will they go with the rest of the things to his sorrowin' widder?'

"I set the old lady's fears at rest. The widow would fall heir to the boots and overalls, I said.

"'Then call in Jerry,' she said, 'and we'll hustle this thing through with bells on.'

"Mag went to the door.

"'Jer-r-e-e! Jer-r-e-e! You Jerry!' she called at the top of her voice.

"'What-a yer want?' came back from the barn-yard. 'Yer allus a yellin' arter suthin.'

"'The 'squire's come, you big lummix! Come in an' git hitched!'

"Jerry came into the house grumbling, and as cross as a bear.

"'Might let a feller git his barn cleaned out first,' he grunted.

"He had on a hickory shirt and a pair of overalls. The latter were rolled up nearly to his knees, and his feet were bare.

"'Wall, I guess yer barn'll keep till this h'yer's over,' said the old woman.

"The couple stood up and took hold of hands. I was just about to begin the ceremony when the old woman threw both hands over her head and yelled:

"'Dod rat yer ugly picter, Jerry Elwin! Ef you ain't gone left the bars to that turnip patch down, and there's that pesky yearlin' heifer a chawin' up half the winter's biliin'! Git out there and turn her out, or I'll hist ye higher'n Gilroy's kite!'

"Jerry dropped Mag's hand and ran out to attend to the heifer in the turnip patch. He came back puffing like a porpoise, and the ceremony was resumed and got through with without further interruption.

"'You sell Tobe, now,' said Mag. 'You dare to think o' sellin' Tobe now, Jerry, an' I'll make it warm around this plantation.

"Jerry went out to the barn. Mag went back to her washing. I had no more business there, but I thought I'd hang around for my fee, which I imagined would be a tolerable good one. By and by the old man came home from the woods.

"'Well, dad,' said Mag, 'the jig is up, and Tobe is one of the family, sartain.'

"The old man called me out in the road.

"'I understand,' he said, 'that yer 'lowed four shillin' by law for splicin' people. Now, 'squire, that hits me as being a leetle steep. Ye know I voted for you more'n once, an' I think you orter call this job three-and-six. The recreation o' gittin here and back orter be worth more'n the extra sixpence, 'squire.'

"I was so mad that I could have crammed my hat down the old man's throat. But I said I'd take the three-and-six.

"'Wall, squire,' said the bark-pealer, 'I ain't sold no hoop-poles yit this season, but I'll be down 'lection day or Thanksgivin', an' hand you them figgers. Or say, squire, if you kin use some groun' hog—'

"That was about all I cared to hear just then. I rattled my buck-board away from there as fast as I could. I met Tobe about half a mile down the road, slouching along the edge of the woods. I heard afterward they never saw him again, and that Mag charged Jerry with selling him on the sly, and went to Milford to see if that wasn't ground for a divorce. But they never charged me with shooting the dog and throwing it in the woods, as some folks have said they did."

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Bonnet strings are immensely wide.

Ulsters of seal are shown by furriers.

Beaded bonnet gowns are all the rage.

Leopard sets are worn by young ladies.

Even house-dresses are made with hoods.

Plush flowers grow more and more popular.

Old-fashioned mink-tail sacques are revived.

Sealskin sacques remain the popular fur wrap.

Quilted satin muffs edged with fur will be used.

White toilets are in best taste for evening dress.

Fur collars and capes have taken the place of boas.

Russian and Lapland furs are to be worn this winter.

Many humorous holiday cards are shown this season.

Silver and blue fox are among the favorite fancy furs.

Driving gloves made of a leopard's claw are a novelty.

The lambrequin effect is much used in winter costumes.

Badger skins in natural colors are used for muffs and trimmings.

Heavy satin de Lyon is the best material for a fur-lined circular.

A handsome "millinery set" consists of a bonnet and muff to match.

Long gloves, reaching above the elbow, are deriguer, with short sleeves.

Hungarian plush is the name given to that with the longest, richest pile.

Long pins of jet, shell or gold, and tiny Japanese fans are worn in the hair.

The skirts of skating suits are made of striped goods. Jerseys are worn with them.

Plush and white lamb-skin cloth are used for outside coats for small children.

Black fox and black Russian hare pelerines and collars are worn in mourning.

The Olga is a pretty new muff of plush, or silk, or satin; with reticule attachment.

The fashionable sealskin sacque is shorter by two inches all around than that of last year.

The new sashes and drapery gathered at the bottom into tassels are called the "bell-pull festoon."

The new polonaise is now called the Polish dress. Some of the new costumes are a mass of trimming.

The Mousquetaire glove wrinkled on the wrist, like those worn by Sarah Bernhardt, is the caprice of the moment.

Pretty little bonnets for evening wear are made of the strawberry-and-cream plush and ornamented with soft white pomporus.

Litchfield ladies hold apple bees for the benefit of the western missionary. This helps a worthy object, while at the same time it indulges their love for pairing.—[Danbury News.

Will somebody please tell the women who tie their heads up in blue veils that they thereby bring out all the yellow in their complexions.—[Boston Transcript.

Coal is so scarce in some parts of the west that young people engaged in courting have to sit on each other's laps to keep warm.

Fashion says "Gathered waists are still very much in favor with young ladies." They are with the young gentlemen, also.—[New Orleans Picayune.

A new fan invented in Germany has needles and thread concealed in its first fold, so as to be all ready to repair damages if the weaver's gown be torn at a ball.

There are some thirty-five thousand more females than males in Philadelphia, and yet some people wonder why some girls marry bow-legged men.—[Philadelphia Chronicle.

A Kansas woman who is now living with husband No. 5, lost Nos. 1 and 2 by hanging, No 3 by being sent to to the penitentiary, and No. 4 by suicide. It is impossible to tell how No. 5 will turn out.

An Illinois woman married another fellow five minutes after securing a divorce. When a woman can swap husbands quicker than she can put up her hair, she must be uncommonly smart.—[Philadelphia Chronicle.

All Maine is laughing at an Augusta man who wanted to present his wife with a pair of boots. The salesman asked what number she wore. He didn't know, but remembering that she wore No. 7 gloves, he got her a pair of No. 7 boots.

An English girl writes that no man will stare long at a woman who does not stare back. That sounds very well, but if she does not stare back how is she to know whether the man has stopped staring or not?—[Philadelphia News.

A Baltimore lady twenty-seven years of age, was poisoned by a pair of green stockings. The ignorance of some people is shocking. It would appear that a woman of that age should know that stockings should never be worn until ripe.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"Why couldn't respectable, intelligent woman sell goods by sample as well as men?" asks a lady in Battle Creek, Michigan. They certainly could. There is no reason why those who are smart enough to sell men should not be able to sell goods.—[Philadelphia News.

Dr. Swing says that woman in time will develop into angels. Perhaps so; but it seems to us that an angel would would present a somewhat singular appearance in a De Vinci hat, tight-fitting Jersey, fifteen button kids, clocked stockings and French-heeled shoes.

Two girls in an Illinois boarding school had a contest to see which would dress quickest, on a wager. Three other girls acted as judges, and the air seemed full of lingerie, pictorial stockings and lots of things that no fellow even knows the name of, for seven minutes and thirteen seconds, when the winner smilingly emerged, faultlessly attired, even to hat and gloves.

Bliffers has just buried his fifth wife. Bliffers was walking with a friend out to the cemetery, showing him the beautiful grounds. His friend was profuse in his expressions of appreciation, and asked Bliffers if he had a lot there. "Well," said Bliffers, "I don't know what you would call a 'lot.'. I've got five five wives here, which is more than the general average."

Olive Logan has a friend who lived in Cuba who used to observe some grand ladies driving out every afternoon with flowers in their hair, diamonds on their necks, and the volante full of the flounces of their profusely trimmed silks. One day the vehicle upset and spilled the great ladies, when it was discovered that they had on neither shoes nor stockings.

Cemented.

Aye, wet the shattered edges daintly,
Place them together in the ancient shape,
Match hue and fair design with careful eye,
And let no fragment from your search escape;
So, place the cup where no keen sunlight glance.
Pshaw, does such injured beauty pay your pain?
'Twill hold a mimic waxen bud, perchance,
But never water for a rose again.

Unsay the angry words; the charge recal
Deny or plead away doubt, slight, or sneer;
Before the outraged shrine for pardon fall,
Win back the smile with the forgiving tear;
The happy "safety of affection" lost,
Trust and its frank, free gladness fled together.
What boots to fain the faith, to count the cost?
The wounded love will bear the scar forever.

Ah, keep the precious porcelain in its nitche,
Guard close the fragile darlings of the hearts,
Oh, ye, in life's pure treasures proud and rich;
The fruit and its first bloom are light to part:
Dread one rough touch; no time again can give,
Once gone, or perfect form or fearless faith;
In prayer or patience mourn it while we live,
And hope to win it back in heaven through death.
—[All the Year Round.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Kiralfy Brothers' "Entertainment" was produced at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week.

The receipts of Booth's theatre during the Bernhardt season of twenty-four nights, closed Saturday, were $98,000.

Salvini, as "Ingomar," entered upon the second and last week of his engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, last week.

Patti's novelty at Covent Garden next season is to be the part of Elsa in "Lohengrin." What Mme. Albini will say to this meditated trespass on her domain remains to be seen.

News has been received in this country of the death of Carl Friedrich Weitzman, one of the most profound musical theorists in Europe. He died in Berlin, Nov. 7.

England is to have three French theatrical companies next year—the Gymnase, the Renaissance and the Nouveautes, the latter with the "Cantinere" and a new piece specially for that country.

Mr. Frederick Kyle has organized a "Christy Minstrel Company" consisting of the best "burnt cork artists he has been able to select," and will begin an engagement at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the 20th of December.

Mlle. Jeanne Samary, the pretty little actress of the Theatre Francais, has just been married to the only son of a rich Parisian stock-broker. Nearly all the distinguished writers in Paris went to the church to gaze upon the young bride in ivory satin and tears.

Mr. Abbey has closed a contract with Mr. H. C. Jarrett for the production at Booth's Theatre of Mr. George Fawcett Rowe's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which proved itself a success at the Princess' Theatre, London, and in several of the German cities. It will be presented about Christmas day.

Miss Lula Veling, a youthful pianist, only twelve years of age, is announced to appear in Washington on the 21st of January, in her first public concert. She has, however, played in Metropolitan circles with credit to herself, and been the subject of much generous criticism.